

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 20. [NEW SERIES.]

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

FOR THE MINERVA.

JEALOUSY.

"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eye'd monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on!" *Shakspeare.*

THERE is implanted in the human breast a certain selfishness, which would withhold from all others not only the possession, but even the contemplation of those advantages which we think we possess over others. When this is allowed to take deep root in the mind, when it has been cherished from early childhood to our maturer years, it becomes a fixed and settled passion, which no care can counteract, and no watchfulness guard against. In nothing does this selfish character display itself more conclusively and more hatefully, than in the man of jealous disposition. It gives rise to the most disgusting scenes; it separates (and often for ever) those who were before united in the strictest bonds of social intercourse; it strikes at the root of domestic happiness. I recollect an affecting story, which I have often heard related, and which tends to show the direful effects produced by this contemptible passion of jealousy.

Young C— had been three months united to a woman, who combined in herself the three principal requisites of a wife—beauty, wealth, and retiring modesty. It had been the wish of her parents that she should become the wife of F—, a cousin of hers, and about the same age. They had received their education together, and had been brought up together, till it became necessary to send F— to the university. Here he met with C—, and it was through him that C— became acquainted with her, who was destined to become his wife. Struck with her extraordinary beauty, and, at the same time, by her wit and talents, he fell desperately in love. On the other hand, she was pleased

with his person, which was by no means contemptible, and doubly so by the readiness with which he could converse on any subject that was proposed. His family was equal in rank to her own; his possessions, perhaps, larger than hers. This, however, was not regarded by either, and their union was, in fact, what is rarely met with in this degenerate age—a pure love match. With the qualities of mind and person, which they both so eminently possessed, they were particularly calculated to make each other happy. Their parents smiled with pleasure on their auspicious union, and they themselves anticipated many days of comfort and domestic felicity. But alas! all their anticipations and visions of happiness were destined to be disappointed. At the time of his marriage, C— was not acquainted with the former intentions and wishes of the parents of F—, and of his wife. They had never been mentioned to him, because the recital could be productive of no benefit; and, moreover, they were apprehensive it might prevent a match, which they ardently wished to take place, since they had despaired of ever bringing about an union with F—. In fact, Emily and F— were both acquainted with the former wishes of their parents; but though they cherished and loved each other with a truly fraternal affection, they never could bring themselves to feel that tenderness of affection, so essential to the happiness of the marriage state. F— was still at the university, when he heard of the marriage, and he congratulated her on her choice with all the warmth and disinterestedness of a brother. By the frequently pressed and repeated solicitations of both, he was induced to take up his abode with the happy pair; and with them he accordingly resided some time. They had hardly been three months united when the poisonous seeds of jealousy were thrown upon the budding happiness of this domestic circle. There was a woman, who had formerly acted the part of governess to Emily, and now resided with her as a companion, and enjoyed a liberal allowance from C—. She had taken it into her sapient head to fall desperately in love with F—, and since he did

not return her affection, she swore, with all the bitterness of a slighted and revengeful woman, that he should not experience one moment's happiness, while she had power to render him miserable. She suspected that F—— entertained a lively affection for Emily, and that this affection was fully returned; and she, therefore, determined to separate them, in hopes thereby to reclaim F—— and make him all her own. She, therefore, gradually insinuated herself into the good graces of C——, determined to make him the instrument of her revenge; regardless as to whose happiness she destroyed, or what misery she occasioned, so that her own malice could be gratified. She began her work by relating, in a careless manner, the former intercourse between the cousins, and the endeavours of the parents to bring about an union between them. She related every little incident that had ever come under her notice, which was at all likely to light up the fire of jealousy in the bosom of C——; and, while telling over her story to the open-hearted man, she would watch his countenance with the malignant eye of a demon, and when she saw his mind depicted in the changing colour of his face, and perceived that she had worked him up to a high pitch of jealous suspicion, she could suddenly desist, and pretending necessary business, would leave him in an agony of doubt. Finally, he was determined to watch them, and also to prevent, if possible, such free intercourse between them as had hitherto subsisted. Emily, the noble, frank-hearted woman, who loved him with all the ardour of a woman's first and only love, did not, nay, would not believe that his distant ceremoniousness of behaviour to F——, or his distrust of her, was produced by a suspicion of herself. She was conscious of no want of affection towards her husband, or of any greater familiarity with her cousin than comported with propriety. But the truth, the dreaded reality at last burst upon her, and she heard from her husband's own lips that she was mistrusted. She was ordered to have no farther intercourse with her cousin. With all the dignity of offended virtue, and with all the self-possession, which nought but conscious purity and innocence can inspire, she refused to treat her cousin and her guest with contempt and impoliteness. I pass over the frequent contentions which this refusal produced, and hasten to the conclusion of my story. She, who had produced all this mischief, was not yet satisfied. F—— had been induced by the impoliteness of C——, to leave the house and take lodgings in the neighbourhood. This demon then forged a letter, pretending to have intercepted it. There wanted but this to complete and establish the suspicions

of C——. Raised to the highest pitch of rage, he seized his unoffending wife, dragged her to a solitary chamber, and locked her up. She bore all with fortitude and meekness, at the same time protesting her innocence. Regardless of her assertions, the enraged C—— listened to nothing but the fiery dictates of his distempered imagination. He immediately sent a challenge to F——, which was as promptly accepted. They met—they fired. F—— received the contents of his antagonist's pistol in his breast, and died protesting his innocence, and that of his cousin. C—— was unhurt. Convinced, at last, that he had wronged his wife and his friend, he went home, and encountering the malicious author of his misery, shot her dead with his remaining pistol; he then transfixed himself with his sword. He died, asking pardon of his wife for his unjust suspicions. For a long time she brooded over his death, and the occurrences which preceded it; till, maddened by such a complication of miseries, her mind gave way to the storm, and she became a wretched and a desolate maniac. Let all who, like C——, are exposed to the machinations and contrivances of malice and revenge pause and reflect. Let them not yield to the fiery instigations of jealousy. Let not the mere unsupported assertions of a designing wretch suffice to instigate to the performance of "deeds of dreadful note." Let there be proof upon proof; let every thing be plain, as the sun at noon day; for be it remembered "'tis better ten guilty should escape, than that one innocent should perish!"

A. S. L.

ELMINA;

OR, THE NEVER-FADING FLOWER.

By M. Masson, de Blomane.

[The author of the following beautiful tale was an officer in the Russian service. He dedicated it to the Princess Wilhelmina, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Courland; to whom his sister was governess.]

In a remote country, and at a very remote period, lived a young princess named Elmina. She was very beautiful and lovely. Loveliness indeed is the constant companion of youth and innocence; but alas! innocence and beauty too often vanish with infancy, if great care be not taken to form the heart to the early love of virtue. The young princess was an orphan, but a benevolent fairy, whose name was Lindorina, undertook the care of her education. Elmina had no idea that her governess was a fairy; but she loved her as a friend, and adored her as her mother. The princess, one day, obtained permission to go and play with her companions in a neighbouring meadow; and soon the sprightly group were sporting along

the meandering brook, pursuing the gaudy butterflies, or plucking their favourite flowers. When they had gathered a sufficient quantity, they repaired to a shady tree, to make chaplets and nosegays. During this pleasant employment, some were engaged in conversation, and others in relating stories. Girls, it is well known, are fond of chit-chat, and they retain whatever they hear. Elmina, not so inquisitive and talkative as the rest, sung while assorting her flowers. Her young friends delighted to listen to her enchanting notes, and were instantly silent. And this was her song which the fairy taught her :

Sweet pictures of youth and of spring,
Ye flowers of the meadows so gay,
What pity the beauties I sing
So fleeting ! so soon shall decay.

The green-tufted bank, in the morn
In fragrance diffusing around,
Did a sweet humble violet adorn ;
In the evening it could not be found.

In the morn, said a nymph to the rose,
" I will pluck the gay flow'ret at noon,"
She comes ; but no longer it glows,
It faded—and faded so soon.

There's a flower that never can fade,
Immortal its hues and its sweets :
How happy, who finds it, the maid !
But it blooms not in these green retreats.

It is not the vi'let or rose,
Nor doth it the gardens adorn ;
'Tis alone in the heart that it grows,
And permanent ever its morn.

Would you ever your beauties retain,
And rule in our bosoms, sweet maid ?
This flower then tend not in vain,
It never, ah ! never will fade.

Elmina ceased. All the chaplets were ready, and her companions rose. " What shall we do ? " said they. " The chaplets are quite ready, let us play at the beauty of the circle. " This was a diversion of which the girls in that country were very fond. They selected one of the most beautiful among them ; they dressed her for the occasion, and crowned her with flowers. They then danced and sung round her. But it was here a very delicate affair (and what I should have undertaken with reluctance) to decide which was the prettiest, among a group of young ladies. Indeed this was a point in which they themselves were not agreed. The majority would have crowned Elmina ; but her modesty would not permit her to think herself the most amiable ; and so far from being jealous of the beauty of another, she perceived that many of her companions were very charming. " A thought has just struck me, " said Elmina, " let us go and pick some favourite flower and put it into a straw hat. Then let us throw the flowers up into the

air, and she, whose flower is thrown the highest, shall be the beauty of the circle. " All applauded this happy idea, and went to choose a favourite flower.

Among the companions of Elmina, was a young princess named Malnetta, who was vain, and very designing. She ran to a neighbouring field, and pulled a blue bottle, which she put into the hat, after having rolled the stalk round a little pebble. The sly nymph's intention may be easily defined. By this artifice, the flower, become heavier, must, in course, be thrown farther. The others chose without any idea of deception, the flowers they preferred. One brought a ranunculus, another a primrose, and a third, a lily of the valley. As for Elmina, she went into a thicket to pick a wild rose ; but I cannot imagine why she chose one of the least and lightest.

At the instant they threw the flowers out of the hat, in order to see which should go the highest, a light breeze wafted the wild rose aloft. It would soon, however, have sunk below the blue bottle, but that a pretty butterfly fluttered round it, and bore it away. The gay group shouted at this little miracle. They crowned Elmina, and began to adorn her as the beauty of the circle. This was no difficult task ; for Elmina was extremely beautiful ; flowers were ready, and the brook flowed meandering by. The princess adorned and crowned, was seated on a kind of throne of turf, and they began to dance and sing around her.

Nymphs that now are cheerful seen
Where sweet vi'lets deck the ground !
Nymphs that on the enamell'd green,
Join in sprightly dance around.

Lovely virgins sing and play,
Ever innocent and gay,
And crown the fairest maid to-day.

While health displays her roseate charms,
Pluck the sweetest flow'rs you find,
Welcome joy with open arms,
And your brows will roses bind.

Lovely virgins, sing and play,
Ever innocent and gay,
And crown the fairest maid to-day.

Their diversion was interrupted by an unexpected noise in the adjacent grove, and presently came forth a little old woman, who approached the pretty dancers. At first they were greatly terrified, and would have run from the fancied danger ; but the affable behaviour of the old lady, and the gentleness of her voice, soon allayed their fears. Her dress was a green robe, with a rush hat of the same colour, ornamented with a wreath of verdant foliage. In her hand she had a green pot in which was a little plant.

It was on account of this dress, that those who knew the venerable dame called her

Verdurina. "My children," said she, "I am not come to disturb your diversion. But I have heard Elmina sing a song, in which she mentions a flower that never fades; I have seen her take a wild rose in the thicket; and from her own choice, I have deemed her worthy of the inestimable present I am going to make her. My daughter," continued she, accosting the young princess, who heard with astonishment, "take this plant, on which are four flowers and two buds. It is the flower that never fades, and I make you a present of it. Tend it with the utmost care; but know, my daughter, it is not by watering that you will preserve it. Look at this flower whose hue is of such a bright carnation—it is called the flower of modesty. As long as your cheek glows with that lovely colour, this flower will preserve its hue in all its vivid beauty. The second flower, which is of the most spotless white, is called the flower of virtue; and it will appear sullied the moment you are inattentive to any of your duties. The third, of a yellow as bright as gold, is called the flower of benevolence; and while you continue good, it will ever retain its lustre. The fourth, is a beautiful sky blue, it is called the flower of gentleness. When Elmina is impatient or angry, this charming flower will droop. This bud, which is beginning to blow, will produce the flower of understanding. It will expand in proportion as you instruct yourself, and will, consequently, mark your improvement in knowledge. The other bud encloses the flower of the graces: it will open imperceptibly, and will shed a lustre over all the other flowers."

"Ah! madam," exclaimed the princes, as she received the plant, "how shall I acknowledge the inestimable gift? Come with me, I entreat you. Lindorina will endeavour to convince you of her gratitude and mine." "My daughter," said Verdurina, "you cannot better express your gratitude, than in showing me one day that this flower is in all its beauty. I will return to this spot in three years, and then, if the flower is pure, you will both remain ever the same." When she had spoken, Verdurina accosted the other ladies, and presented them likewise with some flowers from her enchanted tree; to one five, to another four, according to her knowledge of their good dispositions to cultivate them. It is said that the princess Malinetta received only one; and, moreover, that she could not make it blow. I know not, however, what to say on this head; for the young lady having the misfortune to lose her reputation, no person could be found to write her history.

The fairy, (for it is pretty evident Verdurina was one) after having distributed her

presents, turned suddenly to the grove, and vanished. The young ladies remained in a state of astonishment at this apparition. They quitted their sport, and the flowers they had gathered, to think of those only they had just received. All were impatient to show them to their parents; and Elmina had no sooner returned home, than she related all that happened to Lindorina, and put the inestimable flower into a beautiful china vase. The governess seemed much astonished at the adventure; it was known however in the sequel, that Verdurina and Lindorina were the same.

Elmina went to sleep with great satisfaction; but full of the ideas that had engaged her attention in the day; she thought of nothing all night but meadows, dances, fairies, and enchanted flowers. Her first care on waking, was to examine whether the flower had suffered any change. She hastened to the china vase; but in going near the window, she heard a great disturbance in the street, and saw a number of little boys who were pursuing a poor woman. The oddity of the scene diverted the princess and made her laugh; and it was not till they were out of sight, that she left the window in order to inspect her flower. What was her surprise and grief, when she saw the flower of modesty losing its beautiful hue, and the flower of benevolence somewhat sullied! Lindorina entering perceived the princess in consternation, and inquired the reason of her terror. "Ah!" said Elmina, "look at the flowers; and yet I have done nothing to occasion this change!" The princess, indeed, was innocent, for she had not an idea of any harm in what had excited her mirth; and yet it was no wonder that the flower of modesty had begun to wither, and the flower of benevolence to be somewhat sullied; for a young lady ought never to show an indiscreet curiosity, and still less to laugh when a fellow-creature is insulted.

This was the way in which Lindorina explained the extraordinary circumstance to the princess, and who was instantly sensible of her fault, and behaved in such an amiable manner on the occasion, that, before the close of the day, the flowers appeared more beautiful than ever. This little lesson made Elmina more attentive and discreet, and gave what vigilance and assiduity were requisite to cultivate the flower that never fades. However, from this time, she did not find it very difficult to preserve her yellow flower in all its beauty. Elmina was tender and humane: to do good, nothing more was requisite than to obey the dictates of her own heart. But the sky-blue flower cost her much trouble. Elmina was passionate; and, at the least vexation, the least impatience, the flower of gentleness began to wither, and to reproach her with

her faults. The princess repaired them as soon as possible; for she was persuaded, that there is much less shame in repairing our faults, than in committing them.

With respect to the white flower, I am assured that it constantly preserved its purity. It is very true that Elmina one day perceived a little spot upon it; but a tear which she dropped instantly effaced it. It cannot be known now, what was the little weakness of which Elmina had been guilty, for every good person will easily forget a fault, when it has been expiated by the tears of ingenuous sorrow.

The bud of the flower of understanding grew every day; she never failed to consult this flower, and generally found that it had put forth some new leaves. This was the most wonderful flower, and it continued increasing its size during the whole life of Elmina. Nothing could be more varied than the shape and colour of its petals. On one might be observed some beautiful landscapes, or rich designs in embroidery; on another were representations of history and geography; and, on many, were seen a golden lyre, or an ivory harp. In a word, upon all the petals were observed the emblems of whatever was best calculated to adorn the mind of a young lady.

The flower of the graces, as Verdurina had said, grew imperceptibly. Elmina had even an opportunity of observing, that if ever she attempted to force its growth, by studying any graceful airs at the looking-glass, or elsewhere, this singular flower would instantly close, nor would it open again, till she was once more her unaffected self. This flower had only three petals, but they were so exquisitely beautiful and captivating that, by some indescribable enchantment, they diffused a lustre over the other flowers, and heightened all their charms.

It may be imagined that Elmina, thus possessing the never-fading flower, and tending it with such assiduity, became the most perfect princess of her time. The fame of her amiable qualities was universally spread; for you know there is a kind of fairy, whose name is Rumour, who has no other employment than to traverse the world, and to relate whatever she knows, good or bad, of all persons, and particularly of young princesses. Rumour, of course, was indefatigable in proclaiming the virtues and accomplishments of Elmina, and the nations of the earth were solicitous to obtain such an excellent princess for their queen. The son of the king of Roxolans, heir apparent to a vast empire, came from a very remote part, in order to see her, and demanded her in marriage of Lindorina. Lindorina acceded to this demand, not because he was heir to a throne of a large, rich, and happy people,

at peace with the neighbouring nations, but because the amiable prince had likewise cultivated the never-fading flower; for there is a flower of the same kind for men, somewhat different indeed from that which Verdurina gave to the princess.

Elmina would not leave the scenes so dear to her, without once more visiting the grove where she had received the inestimable present, the source of all her happiness. She hoped to find Verdurina again, it being exactly three years since she had appeared to her. Elmina, therefore, put the never-fading flower in her bosom, and repaired to the grove. But how great was her surprise, when she came there, to find her governess, whom she had left in the house, instead of Verdurina.

"I know," said the fairy, "whom you seek; I gave you that flower under the appearance of Verdurina; and I assisted you in cultivating it, in the form of Lindorina. My task is happily finished. The flower will never fade, and Elmina will ever be lovely and beloved: for the virtues of the heart, and the acquisitions of the mind, give those charms to the possessor which nothing can efface." The princess threw herself at the feet of her benefactress, who tenderly embraced her, and then, assuming an aerial form, disappeared. Elmina, affected and terrified, stretched out her arms, and continued, for some time, to invoke her benefactress. The prince hastened to her, consoled her for the loss of Lindorina, and conducted her to his own country, where, united by the sacred ties of love and virtue, they long continued to enjoy the inexpressible felicity of the wise and good.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE

HONEY-MOON.—A moon is considered, figuratively, as synonymous with a month, not only in a general way, as "scarce a moon had passed," but also to denote particular periods. The honey-moon, for the first month after marriage, is yet a common expression, and signifies a period of thirty days, which is nearly the average of the calendar months. This ancient mode of typifying that happy period was brought into common use by the Saxons, who, previously to their settling in England, had adopted that phrase from a custom, long in use among the northern nations, of drinking a favourite beverage, composed of honey, for thirty days after every wedding.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

THE VILLAGE OF BROCK, NEAR AMSTERDAM.

THE village of Brock is so remarkable for the neatness of its appearance, as probably to be *unique* throughout the world. The name seems to be a corruption from Broekachtig, a Dutch word, signifying *marecageux*, or marshy, probably descriptive of the original appearance of the spot on which this whimsical settlement stands. Remarkable as are the Dutch for the cleanliness of their dwellings, this village, even amongst themselves, is considered as a curiosity, and, in fact, it is nothing short of the burlesque. At the entrance is posted up the *lex scripta*, requiring that every rider, on passing through, should dismount, and lead the animal by its nose; and that no person should smoke in any part of the village without a guard over the ball of the pipe, in order to prevent the ashes from falling out, on pain of forfeiture of the pipe in question. These and many other similar regulations are still scrupulously observed by the inhabitants. Not a cat or a dog is to be seen loose in the village.

This village is built partly round the banks of a small circular lake; these are the residences of the wealthier inhabitants, and are ornamented in the highest Dutch fashion, with plenty of green, white, and yellow paint, the favourite colours in the exterior of all Dutch houses. The whole appearance of these buildings bespeaks the most minute attention to neatness; the windows are of unsullied brightness; every thing has a shining air of freshness; and the stranger looks in vain for a grain of dirt, or a particle of dust, for these are scarcely to be found on the ground. The houses which form the town are small, low, and detached buildings, in perfect Dutch style; and the streets, (if streets they can be called, for the houses are generally built on one side of the road only,) running in serpentine lines, and being paved in mosaic work, with various-coloured bricks, small round pebbles, or pounded shells, the whole effect is the most exquisitely neat that can be imagined. Along one side of most of these little streets runs a small stream, in a channel neatly lined with bricks on both sides, and supplied with clear water from the lake. The numerous little bridges consequently afford plenty of opportunities to these natty people for exhibiting their taste in fanciful devices, and in the intermixture of bright colours. There is also a little spot of a few yards square, which may be

called the public garden, and where the inhabitants of this little colony have exercised their taste and ingenuity over nature, by turning every small tree and shrub into some green monster of earth, air, or water. The shutters to the front windows of most of the better sort of houses were generally closed, for the purpose of excluding dust and dirt. The shutters, however, although in the open air, are kept in a high state of polish, and richly ornamented. On gay occasions they are thrown open.

But there is another custom here, which, for its singularity, deserves particular notice. Almost every house in the village has two entrance doors; one is the common and usual entrance, the other is opened only on two occasions: one to let in the bride and bridegroom after the celebration of the marriage ceremony, the other to let them out on their way to their last home; a somewhat unsentimental idea for the bride, on crossing for the first time the threshold of her new residence, but quite characteristic of this phlegmatic people. This door, opening to mark the two most important incidents to which human life is subject, is generally of a black colour, suitable to the solemnity of the purpose, and from the glossy brightness which it presents, is no doubt an object of the housewife's daily and peculiar care. This door is also carved with ornamental designs, apparently according to the wealth or consequence of the owner, but it is placed high from the ground, without any step, and without either of those usual appendages of handle or knocker.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

Paris Theatres, June 24.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—A bold, if not a successful attempt has just been made at this Theatre to legitimatize modern historical prose Tragedy, by M. Empis. The subject he has chosen for this attempt is a passage in the eventful life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary, justly indignant at the assassination of Rizzio, perpetrated in her presence, has exiled her husband, Darnley, and his accomplices. The Earl of Bothwell, her prime minister, instigated by the desire of securing the hand and throne of Mary for himself, meditates a project for the destruction of Darnley, by the very hands of those whom Darnley had employed to murder Rizzio. For this purpose he induces the Queen to recall Darnley and the other exiles to court. Darnley returns meditating the overthrow of Mary's power—Bothwell

deceives them both by pretending to side with their respective plans of vengeance. However, his views are in danger of being counteracted, in consequence of an interview which takes place (contrary to his wish) between Mary and her husband. This interview, which begins in mutual distrust and recrimination, ends by a revival of their former tenderness, and they resolve to consecrate, by a solemn act at the foot of the altar, the happy event of their reconciliation. Bothwell, thus menaced with the failure of his ambitious projects, corrupts the Queen's guards, a part of whom, while escorting the royal couple to church, seize upon Darnley, and cast him into a dungeon. Mary in vain endeavours to exert her authority as a Queen to deliver her husband; the determined Bothwell resents her commands. At this moment a loud explosion is heard, and a courtier enters to say that Darnley has perished. Mary faints away, and Bothwell exults in the success of his crime and the approaching fulfilment of his ambitious designs. Such is a very brief outline of this Tragedy or Drama: to enter into all the details is more than our limits permit. Indeed, one of the chief objections to the production, is the multiplicity of these details of plots and counter-plots, which distract the attention of the spectator and destroy, in a great measure, the singleness of interest. The language, though from time to time very forcible, is, generally speaking, rather prolix. The best wrought scene is that of the interview between Mary and Darnley; in which Mlle. Leverd (to whom the author is mainly indebted for the success of the piece) gave proof of considerable dramatic power. She was ably seconded by Damar and Michelot. The applause on the fall of the curtain, was pretty general, but as unanimity of applause, on a first representation, is of rather a suspicious character, we must wait for a second trial to judge of its sincerity.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE. A long and rather complicated Vaudeville, in three acts, entitled *Le Forgeron*, has been represented at this theatre. The authors are indebted for some of the principal incidents to the comedy of John Bull. The scene is in Germany, where an honest blacksmith is suffering under a brace of misfortunes: his daughter has been spirited away from him, and there is an execution laid on his furniture at the suit of Muller, a magistrate of the town. But, fortunately for Schmidt, the honest but unfortunate blacksmith, there has arrived in the town a certain M. Handel, a species of green man or wandering philanthropist, who goes about seeking, not whom he may devour, but whom he may delight

by his benefits. The first person Handel meets is Mary, the daughter of Schmidt, who is returning to her father seduced and repentant. He takes her under his protection, pleads her cause before Muller, the magistrate, who declares that the seducer shall be compelled to marry her. This just decision he is, however, very unwilling to execute, on learning that the seducer is his own son, Frank Muller. But Handel soon brings him to reason by discovering himself to be his elder brother, long thought dead, who has a prior right to the property which the worthy magistrate has so long enjoyed. An amicable arrangement takes place: Frank is married to Mary, and the honest blacksmith is rescued from the hands of the bailiffs. This piece, which is of rather too grave a cast for the Vaudeville, was listened to with exemplary patience, nor were there any murmurs (though the great length of the scenes, and the want of spirit in the dialogue would have justified them) until the conclusion, when the dissentient voices were so numerous and loud as to prevent the name of the author from being heard. However, the damnation was not so decided as to preclude the piece from again braving the awards of gods and men.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

GEORGE ASPULL, THE MUSICAL CHILD.

WE have observed, for some time, several brief notices of a "musical prodigy," which has recently appeared in London, in the person of a child, said to be only eight years of age, who had exhibited before royalty, and elicited the applause of the first masters in the science of music. In a late number of the "Harmonicon," a work devoted to the promotion of this delightful art, we find the following sketch of the interesting child:

There has been, in the more select musical circles, where the leading professions associate in the character of friends, rather than that of artists, unobtrusively stealing into notice, a child, in whom is developed a most extraordinary talent for music, whose age is only eight years. His name is George Aspull; his father was formerly in business, but not being successful, he was obliged to resort to music as a profession; and by diligent and successful practice, has acquired some reputation as a performer on the violin. It was not till his son had considerably passed the age of five years, that he gave any indications of that decided bent which his mind has since taken; but the marks of genius he then discovered, were so evident,

that Mr. Aspull determined to undertake himself the care of his education in music, and devoted his whole attention to that subject. His stature is so small that he is obliged to stand while playing on the piano-forte; his fingers are extremely short, even for his age; with the left hand he cannot reach an octave, so as to press down the two notes which form it, at one time, and is only enabled to do so with the right hand with much difficulty, and by depressing the wrist. The impediment thus formed will be understood perfectly by those who know the instrument, but they have not prevented young Aspull from conquering the most complex and rapid passages that have ever appeared in the form of musical composition. The compositions of Kalkbrenner and Moschelles prepared for displaying in public the manual skill of those celebrated professors, are played, evidently, without the smallest effort, by this extraordinary child. He has also made himself master of a difficult piece, by Cyerny, who wrote it as a trial of skill for all the professors of Europe, and in order to combine all the mechanical niceties of execution, of which the instrument is susceptible. But the mechanical skill of young Aspull, is that which has least surprised those who have had the pleasure of hearing him perform. Many children, with a certain cleverness and quickness of parts, may be taught by repeated efforts to conquer the greatest intricacies, but there will remain an impression from such as is produced by an exhibition on the tightrope, &c. Mr. Aspull's pupil is not of this class. The boy's mind, evidently, participates in all his hand executes. Short as the period is that young Aspull has devoted to the study of music, he has cultivated every style, and all with success: he has also the talent of playing *extempore*, at which he will pass hours: he sings ballads to his own accompaniment on the piano-forte, but his voice is thin and weak, owing to his extreme youth; his appearance and behaviour do not differ from those of other children of the same age—the most rapid and involved passages do not produce a change of countenance, nor any sign of effort—little study is requisite even for the most elaborate pieces: he has had the honour of performing before his majesty, the Princes Augusta, and a select party at Windsor: he played nearly three hours. The king, who the greater part of the time sat by his side, frequently interrupted his performance with cries of *bravo!* and encouragingly patting the young performer on the back. The impression made on his majesty and the whole company was that of unqualified admiration. In conclusion, we have only to say, that this extraordinary boy bears about him prognostics of future eminence, which could not have been great-

er, or more conclusive in the person of Mozart himself:

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF

CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S,

August 5th, 1824.

Audubon's Ornithology.

THE splendid port-folio of Mr. John J. Audubon, was opened for the purpose of displaying his rich and numerous drawings of the birds in North America, executed from nature and life by his own hand. The delineations are of the proper sizes and complexions, and exhibit an uncommon portion of the character and manner of the species. The variety of the attitudes evinces in a very striking way the taste and talent of the artist. Mr. A. has been occupied in these researches for more than twenty years; and possesses the several qualifications of getting possession of a bird, of describing a bird, of delineating a bird, and of preserving a bird. His style of figuring and colouring is very peculiar and elegant. He began at an earlier day than Wilson, and has been industriously engaged in such pursuits ever since. His indefatigable labours have not only been directed to the individual objects treated of in the American Ornithology, but to all the other species of birds that were unknown to Wilson, and if known, were left unfinished by him, through the premature occurrence of his death. Mr. Audubon had just returned (August 4, 1824) from a fowling expedition to Long Island, a region frequented by an uncommon number of the feathered tribes, migratory from the south and north, as well as stationary, and, nevertheless, not visited by his distinguished predecessor. There Mr. A. found several sorts that he had never seen in any of his extensive peregrinations. Not satisfied with the rich and diversified result of his exertions, he is proceeding on another tour. His intention is to take a botanico-ornithological survey of the New England States; to look for game along the river St. Lawrence and the Lakes, and to turn toward the Gulf of Mexico on the approach of winter. After passing the cold season in Louisiana, Florida, and Ala-

bama, it his intention to cross the Atlantic, and make a publication of his great work in Europe. It was hoped, for the honour of Fredonia, that the publication might have been made in some city of the Union; but, if for good causes, Mr. A. thinks it best to offer it to the learned world in the eastern hemisphere, it was decided that so elaborate and finished a work was entitled to the most extensive patronage. What enhances the merit of these performances is, that the crayons and colours themselves are prepared by Mr. Audubon, by an art of his own.

Zoology growing out of Navigation.

The water of the port and harbour of New-York is strongly saline, and partakes largely of the briny qualities possessed by the contiguous ocean. The Sound of Long-island is a direct branch or continuation of the Atlantic, and Hudson river is an estuary in which the oceanic quality is distinguishable, under ordinary circumstances, as far as Pollepel's island, beyond the military academy, and near Newburgh: and hence it happens that sharks, coryphenes, and certain other fishes frequently follow ships inward-bound, to their destinations and moorings. And it is a more common occurrence that creatures adhering to the bottoms of vessels are brought home from distant seas, as it were on purpose for the Zoologist, in their living and healthy state.

It was reported that among other species a few days ago, the following were brought up from a few inches below the water-level, from a ship lately arrived. 1. The *Stemmed Barnacle* (*Lepas anatifera*), hundreds of which, occupied places on the planks, and made a curious show. 2. The *spherical ascidia* (*ascidia globularis*) attached to contiguous and interjacent spaces. 3. a crustaceous animal of the *amphipode* order; being a *Thalitre* of the gammarus family. 4. another very remarkable crustaceous production; apparently of the *decapode* order; having the characters of the *nebalia* (or cancer bipes) and exhibiting a very peculiar organization and structure. 5. The pipe-worm (or *teredo navalis*) itself naturally became a subject of animadversion. The quarto volume published at Utrecht 1733, in latin, by *Godofredus Sellius*, J. U. D. F. R. S. &c. on the natural history of this animal, which he calls *Xylo-*

phagus marinus, (or the marine Wood-eater) *tubulo-conchoidis* (inhabiting a shelly tube). He examines it more especially as it makes ravages in Belgium, or the late United Provinces of Holland. This rare and curious book had been presented by Dr. Joel Hart. It is a performance of singular erudition and research. But the indefatigable author ascribes to the *Teredo* (or *Borer*) a head, whereas it belongs to the order of *acephalous* (or headless) molluscas: and if there even was a head, he has mistaken that for the tail, and the tail for the head. The tubes for taking food, and the pallets at their bases for agitating the water, are at and near the external hole, by which the creature entered the timber. The apparatus or inner extremity for boring, is merely intended to make room for a habitation; somewhat after the manner that the *Pholas* excavates calcareous rocks. The shell lining the hollowed chamber, seems to be produced by a secretion from the living body, as in other testacea or shell-fish. It seemed clear that Dr. Sell's whole doctrine of the Pipe-worm's feeding upon wood and being nourished by it, is as much a mistake, as if in writing the history of the Stone-piercer, he had contended that it fed upon rock.

The Beech Tree respected by Lightning.

A letter from Fred. Edw. Beeton, M. D. was read, dated at Murfreesborough, July 19, 1824, stating that the American variety of the *Fagus sylvatica*, was never assailed by atmospheric electricity. The writer's words are these: "Neither tradition, nor more authentic history give any account of injury having been sustained by a Beech tree from the effects of electricity. So notorious is that fact, that in Tennessee it is considered almost an impossibility to be struck by lightning, if protection be sought under the branches of a beech tree."

"At any time when the heavens wear a nebulous garment, and the thunders roll above the Indians, they betake themselves to the nearest beech tree they can find, let their pursuit at the time of the storm be what it may."

"The sagacity of observation possessed by these children of nature, has long since taught them that under the beech they may rest fearless of threatening danger and grumbling thunder. Other trees may be

surrounded by these and shivered to splinters, while the beech remains entire and unhurt."

An answer was directed stating that the case was analogous to the reported story of the *Laurel*, (*Laurus nobilis*) being incapable of a wound from the thunderbolt. This plant was consecrated to Apollo, who, shielded by its influence, was emboldened to defy the fulmen of Jove. It was decreed as the crown for victors and successful poets; because, under its protection, they might rest easy while carpers and cavillers were trying their worst. In the famous Anacreontic song, Phœbus is made to show his laurel to Jupiter, with the words—

Sic evitabile fulmen, &c.

It was hoped that, as this tree, whence the bards derived *their bays*, was a native of Spain, Italy, and the Levant, and not yet naturalized in our country, observations might be made by competent persons to determine whether the ancient legend has any foundation in fact.

The metamorphosis of the nymph Daphne into such a laurel was classically recollected.

The scribe, to whose lot it fell to write on the occasion, was directed to say further, that if the beech tree possessed this protecting influence, the swain Tityrus, named in the first eclogue of Virgil, must have enjoyed a double share of security; inasmuch as he was safe from the flash or stroke of the clouds, while he reposed in the shade of the wide-spreading branches for which the beech is distinguished.

It was suggested to the informant and querist, that improvement might and ought to be made, of his communication, by planting and rearing beeches near and around the dwelling-houses and barns of our farmers, for the immunity of cattle as well as human beings from the violence of atmospheric electricity.—Let a *beech grove*, as easy to rear as a plantation of *butternuts*, (*Juglans cinerea*) accompany every inhabited spot, and let solitary beech trees arise here and there over every farm and plantation.

The philosophy of this non-conducting power, was referred to the Galvanists, Voltaics, and Electricians.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

The celebrated Italian naturalist Giovanni Brocchi writes from Balbec in Syria, that since his return from Nubia, he has stopped in that city, to direct the working of a coal mine which has been discovered near Mount Lebanon. His Herbarium is rich in rare plants; and his mineralogical or rather geological collection, is no less considerable. On Lebanon and Antilebanon, however, he has not found any rare plants; the vegetation seems to differ but little from that of Sicily and southern Calabria. He had travelled constantly by land, and his journey from Nubia to Syria was very fortunate.

METALLIC CLOTHS.—At the late exhibition of the products of national industry at the Louvre in Paris, there was exhibited a waistcoat, and several other articles made of metal wire, which are said, in the report of the jury appointed to judge of their merits, to have been "equal to cambric in fineness."

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

The Manuscript of Diedrich Knickerbocker,
Jun. 8vo. pp. 77. New-York. 1824.

WE tender our thanks to the author of these pages for the great pleasure they have afforded us, and predict that he will occupy an elevated station in the literature of his country. When we first saw the publication of his work announced, we supposed that it proceeded from some indifferent prosier, who was willing to arrive at notoriety by the skirts of a popular writer; and after we had proceeded to the perusal of the Manuscript, were agreeably surprised to find, that if the author did not rival his distinguished prototype, he partook very largely of his spirit and manner. Indeed we are reminded in almost every page of the elegant and sportive pen of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., and regard the writer as a legitimate member of the Cockloft family.

It seems that the author, or rather, editor, was one fine evening reposing himself on one of those rude little benches that used to be scattered over the Battery, admiring the romantic scenery around him, which he

skilfully and beautifully describes, when he thus became acquainted with the worthy Diedrich Knickerbocker, jun., of whose configuration and aspect he gives the following account :

"I had remained a long time, musing on the richness of this scene, when approaching through the poplars of the avenue before me, I caught the glimpse of a gentleman, whose slow, pacing step seemed to have avoided the hum of the crowd, for spots more congenial to the stillness of reflection. Advancing with a measured step to the arbour where I sat, he surveyed me with a keen eye of anxious curiosity, and, as if disappointed at my unwelcome appearance, stood musingly still, with his arm gently reclining against the tree. His person was lively, and about the middle size, and as if descended from the good-humoured race of the Hollanders, his shoulders were broad and heavy; and what his frame wanted in height, was compensated by its bordering on the corpulent. His dress, consisted of a blue frock coat which reached to his knees, with the pantaloons of a traveller buttoned up their sides, exhibiting beneath them a pair of dusty boots; while a broad-brimmed beaver shaded the thick raven locks of a highly expressive forehead. His small twinkling eyes sparkled with intelligence and humour; and to a cheek dimpled by the broad, playful furrows of about thirty-five years, were added a mouth and chin that bespoke inward benevolence and contentment."

After an interesting conversation with the stranger, the latter commits to the editor the MS. which follows, and which he determines to communicate to the world. The MS. proves to be a chapter from the early annals of the little village of Belleville, "situated on one of the gentle bends of the Passaic, which winds its serpentine waters in drowsy stillness through the loveliest scenery of New-Jersey." We have not room to give a detailed account of the village and its inhabitants, and shall only mention that its most eminent character is the Dominie Van Hogworth. He is described in strong and vivid colours, but is compelled to yield, like every other subsequent delineation, to Fielding's immortal picture of Trulliber, whom he closely resembles. The next in degree is Doctor Vander Schiller, who occupies a larger space, and is presented in still bolder relief than the Dominie himself. After an excellent history of the person, manners, and habits of the Doctor, Mr. Knickerbocker

thus accounts for his popularity at the tea-tables of Belleville.

"What rendered him so acceptable a guest at all the tea-tables of the village, was his favourite propensity of dealing in the marvellous. There was not a wonder that had taken place for a hundred miles round, with which he was not as familiar as with the names of his medicines; and every ghost-story that had been ever blown in his ears, he was sure to bring upon the carpet, to the terror of every nervous old maid and fear-listening child. For hours, while smoking his pipe with the sullen-faced housewives, he would draw up in a close huddle the young folks of the neighbourhood, who felt a deeper awe, as they saw his green goggles glistening in the pale moonshine, and almost fancied they saw "a spuke" in the rolling twinkle of his eye. The story of the little old Dutchman, who was said to haunt the church-yard exactly at twelve o'clock at night, was often brought forward; who it was said, after smoking out a half-score of pipes, disappeared among the tomb stones, as soon as the first crowing of the cock was heard ringing across the fields. Then again, the memorable legend of "Rattle-snake Hill" would entrance the trembling listeners, as they heard of its Indian ghosts, uttering their war-hoop from its sides, and their chief, who is said every night to patrol round its environs on horseback. But then, how dearly did he pay for his luxury upon his return home. Though not exactly a coward, the doctor indulged the idea, with his ancestors before him, that departed spirits are allowed to revisit the world and hold intercourse in Dutch with the souls of their surviving companions. How tremulously would he mount his nag; and rattle along, at the expense of his cow-skin and heels, past every hill and wood. Now the hoarse cough of the bull-frog, the complaints of the "whip-poor-will" and tree-toad, and perchance the shaggy stump of a tree, would startle him with a sort of fear. Now would the very shadow of his horse, surmounted by his own broad figure, dance along the moonbeams. How would he, to relieve his thoughts, call over in high Dutch the catalogue of his medicines; or else, invoke the shade of his guardian ancestors to postpone for the present their ghostly visitation."

A fear of sprites, as the reader may perceive, is the weak point in Doctor Vander Schiller's character, and a professional rival, who was ambitious of attracting to himself the fees that had before wholly reached the pocket of the Doctor, determined to avail himself of this foible in order to remove his adversary from the village. One gloomy

night after the party in which he was engaged had become timid and fearful from the repetition of miraculous stories, Dr. Winterbottom related a woeful adventure which had befallen himself among the Indian ghosts of the Rattlesnake-hill. When he had concluded his account, the party were almost stupified with terror, and none more so than Vander Schiller himself. The author thus proceeds:

"A hollow sounding rap at the door suspended for a moment the attention of the listeners. The dread of its being one of the Indians, caused the terrified groupe to huddle together in a more compact knot than before. Another, and yet another dismal rap succeeded; the front door was heard slowly opening, and a quick step advancing to the threshold of the apartment; the door yawned tremulously open on a creak, and lo, the black grinning profile of a negro peeped from behind it, bawling out in broad, High-Dutch, "doctor Vander Schiller! doctor Vander Schiller!" Had a clap of thunder broke on a sudden upon the party, or the ghost of the venerable St. Nicholas made his appearance in the room, it could not have produced more alarm than this unaccountable summons. The company started and turned pale—the snuff-box and pipe fell from the fingers of several on the floor; but our trembling, agitated hero sat fixed like a statue upon his chair. Again appeared cuffee, and again re-echoed through the room the startling injunction, "doctor Vander Schiller! doctor Vander Schiller! some person wants you at the door!"

After much demur and many hems and haws, the doctor proceeds to the door, and finds that he is wanted to visit a dying patient some distance beyond the Rattle-snake Hill. He hesitates and prevaricates a considerable time, but at length gets under way; and as he moves onward in the darkness, he trembles with apprehension. In the midst of his terror, he is encountered by the ghost of an Indian-chief, who demands, as the price of his existence, that he will "resign his profession to a worthier than himself;" a requisition which the reader will be at no loss to account for; tho' the doctor, wholly unsuspecting of fraud, turns his back upon the village, and is heard of no more. The Dominie and the Doctor are the only prominent characters in the book, which finishes when the latter has departed from Belleville.

In conclusion, we feel warranted in recommending this work to our readers, and

in enjoining the author to proceed in the career he has begun, which he is evidently qualified to follow with honour and emolument. But we would beg leave to recommend that, in future, he aim at more originality in both design and execution; for the imitation of any writer, no matter how excellent or popular, is an unworthy pursuit for an individual of the author's genius and talent.

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty dwell."

IS LOVE IDEAL?

IN the dreadful French Revolution, when human blood flowed in one vast sea, at the beck of madness and ambition; in that horrible tomb of living victims, the Bastille, was found, when the storm had ceased, and repentant humanity retraced its steps, the body of a young man, incarcerated in one of the lowest cells, where one feeble ray of light came but to mock the prisoner with the day. In the prime of youth, he had expired. The rough keepers, whose feelings by constant scenes of desolating horror were frozen hard, started intently as they viewed the corse; it was no longer the dull, brutal apathy, when barbarity becomes a business; the hasty stride was checked into a trembling, and the stout arm fell nerveless: they started, and their bosoms heaved, as with the thrill of best emotions. He was dead. His face and form were youth's own prototype: they seemed a mansion made for the noblest spirit; the deep, the awful struggling of the heart and mind was told by the bent forehead and wasted cheek; yet it was not all despair; there appeared a softening look in the strong agony; a slight tinge of the rose breaking through canker, as though hope's angel had visited his last moments, and thrown a smile upon the general woe; it was a look that spoke the spirit's heaven; that told the earthly gazers it was free from man's impiety. They approached the corse: one hand was firmly prest against his bosom; it was with difficulty they released it. The hand was strongly clenched; they loosened the grasp, and something fell on the pavement: it was a picture, the companion of his misery; the portrait of a lovely woman; the first being to whom his heart's incense had ever been offered.

And is love ideal? lives it but in summer gardens? sports it but like the painted fly in

fragrant bowers, under certain skies? No; it outlives the sunshine, and in the howling storm, and new-made wilderness, stretches forth its little hand; and, like the blind Roman general, bereft of fortune and of friends, it finds in infant care a guide, a blessing.

On the back of the picture was marked *Marie*, evidently her own writing. What a joy in his imprisonment must have been this poor piece of painted ivory! What thoughts it must have engendered! What agony alleviated! To imagine the new-made captive, in all the energies of youth, with their concomitant impatience, upbraiding fortune and existence. He throws himself on his bed of stone, and by the dim light gazes on the form of her, the magnet of his life; she smiles, and his pent-up feelings ease themselves in tears; their last interview comes strongly on his heart: her approaching steps, the exchange of look, the pressure of lips, the soul's banquet. Abstracted from his present situation, he wanders backward; the dazzling ball and the evening walk again are his; her beaming eyes, and the little world which the souls of those who truly love create around them, when isolated from the common resort, they live alone in happiness, tempt the prisoner's sense far from the rough-hewn tomb that holds his body in. The vapour quickly dissipates—he *knows* his captivity; his loss of her; the threatening death, his *Marie's* honour—then the storm of grief again assails, again riots over broken energies, and again meets comfort from a second look. With every returning day of wretchedness to fancy the wasting youth, welcoming the image with the heart's ardour, and the long hours past, who again stretches his limbs on the rude couch, again kisses the idolatry, and sleeps more soundly from the salutation. Thus pass months; his stream of life dries up; violent emotions have shattered his frame: he feels his hour approaching, and death's last struggle places his heart's queen upon her broken throne.

And is love ideal? is it the plaything of a romance, the dream of wandering sense? Surely, no. In some minds it dwells in all the glory of refined nature, prompts the noblest impulse of humanity; and, though beginning its course in prosperity, perhaps first the offspring of a glance, journeys faithful through the roughest roads, and where worldly malice strews thorns within the paths, distils into the lacerated wound balsamic honey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HALF AN HOUR TOO LATE.

THE first thing I can recollect of my early childhood is, that I was always in difficulty

—always *half an hour too late*. When I got up in the morning, which I seldom did till my mother had coaxed me, and my father threatened me some four or five times each, I generally found the breakfast-table cleared, my roll cold, and not unfrequently my bowl of milk half devoured by the cat. I used then to swallow the milk (and half the time in my hurry spill it in my bosom,) put the bread in my pocket—snatch up my hat, and without stopping to put it on, hasten away to school. I was *half an hour too late*. Six times a week, I used to be punished for tardiness; and generally two or three times more for eating my breakfast in school: besides being kept in, and finding myself too late for dinner, for not reciting with my class in the morning. And all this arose from sitting up *half an hour too late* at night. I was often scolded, and sometimes whipped for it; went to bed crying, and in consequence overslept myself half an hour the next morning.

When I was fourteen years old, I was placed in the store of a linen draper, a sort of general dealer in ladies' goods; and though I certainly worked very hard and was always out of breath, no better luck attended me there. Take one day as a specimen:—I sat up late one night, in copying some letters, which ought to have been done the preceding afternoon. The next morning I arose *half an hour too late*. I could not arrange the goods before customers came in; in the course of the day every thing got in confusion. Taking the advantage of a little leisure, I began to put the goods in order—then remembered the letters which I had copied, and which were of great importance—ran to the post office, and found the mail had been gone *just half an hour*. I came back in some perplexity, and went to the desk and began to draw out an account for an attorney. I was summoned to carry home a bundle of silk which a lady had just purchased; but determining to be right for once, I laid the bundle on the desk, and completed the account. When it was finished, I carried it to the lawyer, and found that the debtor had failed in the course of the afternoon, and that I was *half an hour too late* to save any thing. I spent two hours in endeavouring to find other property to attach, but without success; and then towards evening carried home the silk. The lady was going to a ball; and after waiting for me till her patience was exhausted, had sent to another store.

My employer when he heard these circumstances, very gravely predicted my ruin, and dismissed me. I then shipped on board a vessel which was bound to Europe, and pleased my fancy some days with the thought of visiting distant countries, and seeing strange sights. I even put on some

airs among my acquaintance, and began to speak with contempt of those who had always lived at home. But the morning of my departure arrived; and, notwithstanding the bustle and excitement, it was painful to leave home—perhaps for ever. I took leave of my father, received my mother's warm kiss, lingered for a moment with my sisters, and hurried down to the wharf—The ship had sailed *half an hour before!*

What became of me next—how I went to work on a farm, and got my hay in half an hour after it began to rain, and brought my potatoes to market half an hour after the shipper had completed his cargo; how I abandoned this in despair, and became a merchant; how I insured one vessel half an hour after she had arrived in this port, and another one after letters were in the post-office announcing her loss; how I purchased on speculation the notes of a dealer of doubtful credit, half an hour after all his property was attached; and how I became a bankrupt myself—it is unnecessary now to relate. My usual ill luck followed me; I was half an hour too late for every thing.

When I was twenty-three years of age, I was deeply in love with a young lady of great beauty and virtue. I paid her such attentions as my feelings dictated, and such as are usually powerful enough on young ladies' hearts; but though I was not deficient in ardour or perseverance, some how or other, I was always *too late*. If I went to a ball with her, the drawing had commenced before we arrived, and we had to take our station at the foot of the dance. If I invited her to walk, I was not ready to set out till evening drew on apace, and it was too cold to walk far; still I hoped I had made a favourable impression on her; and after delaying it for some time, that I might be surer of success, I ventured at last to disclose my passion. She cast down her eyes, and blushed and looked agitated. My hopes were almost triumphant. I threw myself at her feet, and—with a voice of suppressed emotion she entreated me to rise—she hoped there had been no misapprehension, but a regard to herself and to me equally required plain dealing. She had engaged herself to my rival *just half an hour before*.

I am now forty-five years old, a bankrupt and a solitary bachelor.—I have been, to the best of my recollection, out of breath all my life; and yet I have always been half an hour too late. How shall I get half an hour? where is leisure to be found? I have kept my dinner cooling on the table, while I have written these hasty lines. My old house-keeper, who knows my habits, informs me that there is one comfort in store for me—that I shall not die till half an hour after my time comes. Tell me, Mr. Editor, if this is consolation?

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 21. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MISNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Umbrella.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Crossing the Desert.*

THE DRAMA.—*Dramatic Anecdotes.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Constantia Grier-son.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchill's. Chemical Science. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*The Algerine Captive.*

THE GRACES.—*The Lady of Japan. The Maid of Baldock.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Miseries of a Rainy Day.*

POETRY.—*The Grave; by "Ada."—Oh! Weep for thy Navy; and other pieces.*

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our "New-York Bard" would do well to devote his leisure moments to pursuits for which he is better qualified than the muses.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The sea serpent is stated to have been seen last week off Plum Island beach, by a gentleman and his family, who had a distinct view of it, in different positions, for more than half an hour. The general description of the animal corresponds with that which has been repeatedly given.

It is said that rancid butter may be purified and made perfectly sweet, by working it over thoroughly in new milk.

A company has been formed in England for establishing on a large scale, washing by steam.

A meeting has been held in London for the purpose of promoting a plan for more rapid and certain communication with America, by means of a line of steam-packets between Valentia, the westernmost harbour of Ireland, and the city of New-York.

MARRIED,

Mr. R. Bent to Miss Jane Rae.

Mr. J. Sayre to Miss A. M. Van Ranst.

Mr. C. M'Carthy to Miss A. M'Grath.

Mr. J. Spencer to Miss C. M. Lansing.

DIED,

Mott Cannon, Esq., aged 66 years.

Mrs. S. Graves, aged 57 years.

Mr. David Hunter, aged 45 years.

Lawrence Kneeland, aged 31 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

FRAGMENT.

Who is that maid on yonder steep,
Her dark locks floating in the breeze,
Watching intent the foaming deep,
Her eyes upon the broad expanse fixed in such earnest gaze?

'Tis Maron crazed with sorrow and with woe:
She stays, her lover on the lonely strand,
And does she not the grievous tidings know,
That Norman's vessel sunk ere he could reach the land?

Alas! she heard the direful tale; and now
Insane she wanders reft of reason's light;
On her bare neck the chilling north-winds blow,
As on the towering cliff she watches all the night.

Ah! he was brave, was generous, and sincere,
And loved his Maron tenderly, but vain;
For fate delights the fondest hearts to tear,
And bursts the dearest ties unpitying in twain.

Long she wandered desolate, on the shore,
And looked upon the rolling deep, as if
Her Norman's bark had met her view, but ah! no more
Will she his sail descry:—he sleeps beneath the cliff.

She poured her sorrows to the listless air,
And as her plaintive tale she wildly sung,
She seemed the spirit of the wave, for as she warbled,
in her hair
She twined the sea-green weed, with her dark curls
among.

One eve she stood upon the rock, her blue eyes meek
Turned upwards to the sky; she cast them on the
foaming wave,
Then gave a loud and piercing shriek,
And sought her Norman in his deep and watery grave.

ELMIRA.

For the Minerva.

Gentlemen,

The following is a literal translation from a very ancient German poet; should you think it worthy of a place in your paper, you will oblige your most obedient servant,

PROTEUS.

Hark! heard ye not the trumpet sound?
It calls "to arms," away.
For the just who fight for their country's right,
It sounds both blithe and gay.

Hark! hear ye not your neighing steeds
All eager for the fray!
How they foam and fret, and champ the bit
Which causes their delay.

Ride on, ye gallant, noble souls,
Ye precious chosen few:
On! On! and fight for your country's right;
Your country claims its due.

And when the battle ye have fought,
The glorious victory won,
Each maiden true shall weave for you
Valour's unfading crown.

And on fame's everlasting page,
Your names inscribed shall be,
And ages yet unborn shall say,
"These, these, are they
Who set their country free."

But if ye shall fall in the battle field,
If death surprise ye there,
Still shall your names for ever blaze
In fame's eternal glare.

Then on! ye gallant noble souls,
Stay not to bid farewell,
But sword in hand, ye gen'rous band
March on and fight, for your country's right,
And ere the day yields the night;
Yes, ere the hour-glass spends its sand,
We'll hear the usurpers knell.

ON A COLLEGE FEAST.

A celebrated parody

Hark! heard you not those footsteps dread,
That shook the hall with thund'ring tread?
With eager haste
The fellows paced;
Each, intent on direful work, [fork,
High lifts the trenchant knife, and points the deadly
But lo! the portals ope; and, pacing forth
With steps, alas! too slow,
The college gyps, of high illustrious worth,
With all the dishes in long order go.
In the midst, a form divine,
Appears the famed sirloin:
And lo! with plums and steaming glory crown'd,
A mighty pudding spreads its fragrance round,
Heard ye the din of dinner bray,
Knife to fork, and fork to knife!
Unnumber'd heroes, in the glorious strife,
Through fish, flesh, pies, and puddings, cut their destined way.
See! beneath the glittering blade,
Gored with many a gaping wound,
Low the fam'd sirloin is laid,
And sinks in many a gulf profound.
Arise! arise! ye sons of glory!
Pies and puddings are before ye.
See, the ghosts of hungry bellies
Point to yonder stand of jellies:
While such dainties are beside ye,
Snatch the goods the cooks provide ye:
Mighty rulers of the state,
Snatch before it is too late:

For, swift as thought, the puddings, jellies, pies,
Contract their giant bulk, and shrink to pigmy size.
From the table now retreating,

All around the fire they meet,
And with wine the sons of eating
Crown at length the gorgeous treat.
Triumphant plenty's rosy graces
Wanton in their jolly faces,
And in each countenance serene
Mirth and cheerfulness are seen,
Fill high the sparkling glass,
And drink the accustomed toast;
Drink deep, ye valiant host,
And let the bottle pass.
Begin the jovial strain!
Fill, fill the mystic bowl!
And drink, and drink, and drink again,
For drinking fires the soul.

But soon, too soon, with one accord they nod,
Each on his seat begins to reel;

All-conquering Bacchus' power they feel,
And pour libations to the rosy god.
At length with dinner and with wine opprest,
Down on the floor they sink, and snore themselves to
rest.

THE FISHER.

From the German.

In gurgling eddies roll'd the tide ;
The wily angler sat,
Its verdant willow'd bank beside,
And spread the treach'rous bait.
Reclin'd he sat in careless mood,
The floating quill he eyed ;
When, rising from the op'ning flood,
A humid maid he spied.

She sweetly sung, and sweetly said,
As gaz'd the wond'ring swain ;
" Why thus with murd'rous arts invade
My placid, harmless reign ?
Ah, didst thou know how blest, how free,
The funny myriads stray,
Thou'dst long to dive the limpid sea,
And live as blest as they.

The sun, the lovely queen of night,
Beneath the deep repair,
And thence, in streamy lustre bright,
Return more fresh and fair.
Tempts thee not yon ethereal space,
Betinged with liquid blue ?
Nor tempts thee there thy pictur'd face,
To bathe in worlds of dew ?"

The tide in gurgling eddies rose,
It reached his trembling feet ;
His heart with fond impatience glows,
The promis'd joys to meet.
So sung the soft, the winning fair ;
Alas, ill fated swain,
Half dragg'd, half pleased, he sinks with her,
And ne'er was seen again.

The following lines of *Carew* are a fair specimen of
antique gallantry.

SONG.

Ask me no more when Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties' orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For in pure love Heaven did prepare
These powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

EPITAPH.

By Lord Byron.

Do these lines breathe immortality ? Will Mr. Walsh
be kind enough to tell us whether a " fiend," as he calls
the lamented Byron, could write this ?

Bright be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine :
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be,
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf on thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be !
There should not be a shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee :
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May grow on the spot of thy rest,
But nor cypress nor yew let us see—
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

EPIGRAMS.

ALTER ET IDEM.

You say you're old, in hopes we'll say your'e
young,
But 'tis your face we credit, not your tongue.

ON THE DEATH OF AN EPICURE.

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er ;
I've eat sufficient, I can drink no more :
My night is come ; I've spent a jovial day ;
'Tis time to part ; but oh !—what is to pay ?

ENIGMAS.

" And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—None.

PUZZLE II.—Blunderbuss.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Three fourths of a cross and a circle complete,
Perpendicular two semicircles do meet,
An angled triangle that stands on two feet,
And two semicircles and a circle complete.

II.

Take nine from six, and ten from nine,
And fifty from forty, and six remains thine.

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